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APRIL 27, 1959

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Washington Wire

The Eisenhower Way

LOOKING OUT OF ROOM 354 of the Hotel Astor last week, where fate had assigned us for the night, we found ourselves gazing across Broadway at the Pepsi-Cola waterfall, high above Times Square. The descending current at that perspective made a bucolic view; it seemed to be flowing directly at us from some unknown national park over in the direction of Grand Central Station. Soothed and comforted by the gentle murmur of the mid-town Niagara wafted through our cabin window we drifted off, dreaming of Thoreau. Sometime in the night we had the impression that somebody had turned the thing off, but it was running briskly again, later in the day.

By a natural transition this brings us to Hubert Humphrey's powerful indictment of the water-power policies of the Eisenhower Administration. He is making a current speaking trip through the Northwest. "The Idaho Power Company has acquired the great Hells Canyon site at an immense cost to the Northwest in terms of flood control, low-cost power . . . (and) industrial growth," the Senator recalls. Also, in 1954, Humphrey reminds us, the Administration "did its best to give away the atomic energy program" for which Congress had, up to that time, voted $13 billion.

"If the psychology and slogans of the Eisenhower Administration had been official in the old days," Humphrey says "the Lewis and Clark expedition would have been grounded in St. Louis for lack of funds; the Oregon Trail would have been closed to balance the budget; and the settling of the Northwest would have been postponed indefinitely as a threat to a stable dollar."

The wide-ranging travels of Senators Humphrey and Kennedy mean that the 1960 campaign has begun. Campaign biographies follow close behind. We understand that two of Nelson Rockefeller are in preparation, one of Stuart Symington, four of Nixon (including *Herald-Tribune* reporter Earl Mazo's *Richard Nixon*, for May 20) and no less than six for Senator Kennedy.

The agony which Eisenhower suffered at Dulles' departure was reflected in his delay in formally announcing Christian Herter as successor. One after another Eisenhower has depended on the strong men of his Administration and one after another they have gone. There was Bob Taft to whom the President had hoped to tie his Administration; there was George Humphrey who irrevocably fixed his conservative economic views on the White House before returning to more congenial matters; there was Sherman Adams on whose shoulder the willing President leaned, and now, finally, there is Dulles. Dulles tragically departs at a moment of major crisis from a position of almost unchallenged authority and confidence such as no other Secretary of State has held since the United States became a world power. No longer can Eisenhower say, with the happy conviction of a problem solved, "Let's leave that to Foster." Always the President has delegated his leadership—and always the delegated powers have come back to him.

The New Order

THIS IS a situation made to order for smiling young Richard Nixon. He has bided his time. He is coming into his own. A cabal at the White House—Adams, Humphrey, Brownell—formerly seemed to stand in his way; now they are all gone and his own closest political ally, William Rogers, is Attorney General. There are only two of the original Eisenhower cabinet left (Benson and Summerfield), and Nixon's role is expanding. He is chairman of the Cabinet committee studying inflation, which will shortly give him a platform on domestic matters during the steel dispute. He will go to Moscow July 25 (after the Geneva meeting and before the Summit meeting) where he will be the embodiment of national prestige. Probably, too, Nixon will either go to the Summit with Eisenhower, or act as stand-in if the sessions prove protracted. What a gaudy prospect for a patient and ambitious young man!

Ups and Downs

THE LATEST Gallup poll of Congressional strength gives the Democrats 59 percent; Republicans 41 percent—the lowest GOP vote in this century. The paradox is that the Republican chances of the Presidency in 1960 seem brightening. How can this be, you ask? Because the party label means less and less and because the Democrats in Congress under Lyndon Johnson are not using the opportunity to stamp out for themselves an unmistakable liberal image. A 1960 Democratic victory again in Congress that will keep the Southern conservatives in their chairmanships? Very likely. A victory for conservative Nixon or Rockefeller as President? Very likely, too.

The GOP candidate next year will be favored, first of all, by the prospect of prosperity. Spending needs—new cars, for example—have been postponed in the recession and they should result in a 1960 boom (always provided that the top-heavy stockmarket, if and when it falls, doesn't drag the whole economy down too). Then the Democrats seem likely to go into the campaign torn and divided.

Almost certainly there is going to be some kind of a religious issue: it could be bitter. And then there is the civil rights issue. If the Democratic candidate takes a firm stand, half a dozen Southern states already discuss a bolt; if he takes an equivocal stand, he loses the big city Negroes and destroys the meaning of the campaign for millions of others.

Strange Mixture

POPE JOHN XXIII has told Roman Catholics that they may not vote Communist subject to possible excommunication. We certainly do not plan to vote Communist and it would be impertinence to intrude in the Pope's business in any case, but this is the kind of mixture of politics and religion which outsiders must look upon with wonder. It is an assertion of temporal authority which, however desirable the goal, fills members of other sects with certain real, if unspoken misgivings.

T.R.B.

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Correspondence

► ***Rockefeller and Civil Liberties***

SIRS:

YOUR editorial of April 13, "Rockefeller's First Test," failed to comment on the subject I should have thought would be of primary concern to *The New Republic*—namely, civil rights and civil liberties. In this area, Governor

(Continued on page 23)

Incentives or Windfalls?

IN the otherwise acrimonious 1958 foreign aid debate all were able to agree on the so-called "Javits amendment" enjoining the Administration to study "ways and means in which the role of the private sector of the national economy can be more effectively utilized and protected . . . so as to promote the foreign policy of the United States." What Senator Javits had in mind and what the Administration has talked about endlessly was the encouragement of US private investment in the economic growth of less-developed countries where private capital normally goes, on its own initiative, only for quick killings in oil or other extractive industries.

The Administration responded to the Javits injunction in its customary fashion by appointing two businessmen's study committees, and in Congress Rep. Hale Boggs (D, La.) turned the attention of his Foreign Trade Subcommittee to the problem of incentives for investment in the less-developed areas. Now that the reports are in, however, and Representative Boggs has his bill in the hopper, it is as if Senator Javits' major objectives had never been heard of. Most of what the two study committees have proposed offers no hope for any significant increase in the flow of *new* private development capital to Asia and Africa and appears instead to have been inspired by various interests seeking to increase their take on existing investments.

For example, the report of the panel headed by Macy director Ralph I. Straus is a self-styled attempt "to identify problems and to suggest measures related to increasing the participation of private business in the economic growth of the less-developed countries." The major Straus proposal would permit "foreign business corporations" deriving 90 percent of their income from abroad to defer payment of income tax until the earnings are distributed to stockholders—gaining the free use of the funds in the interim and avoiding payment of tax altogether in the event of losses. Tax deferral is one of the standard lobbying objectives of the export interests and of the oil companies. For through the "foreign business corporation" big oil hopes to have tax deferral on top of its controversial 27.5 percent depletion allowance—which is not possible through the use of a foreign subsidiary under existing law.

But the Straus report properly excludes both the oil companies and the export operations from tax deferral. Thus the recommendation is neither here not there: it cancels out its applicability to cases where it does have relevance and yet offers little or no new incentive to the would-be investor who can even now gain deferral through a foreign subsidiary. The committee appears to have been caught up in the general favorable atmosphere surrounding tax deferral as a result of years of propaganda.

A second business advisory group—appointed by the President—the Committee on World Economic Practices headed by Harold Boeschenstein of Corning Fiberglas—has recommended tax incentives which *would* stimulate new investment in the less-developed countries but which would,

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at the same time, provide windfalls for investors in Canada and Europe, including, in all probability, their present holdings in these areas. The "foreign business corporation" proposed by the Boeschenstein report would, like its counterpart in the Straus report, remain free of tax until the distribution of dividends. But the dividends would be taxable at a mere 7.8 percent. This is the most generous concession anyone has yet proposed, and it could only be justified if it were limited solely to new investment in less-developed areas and kept subject to review by the State Department. However, the Boeschenstein report makes this concession applicable not only to firms undertaking new investment in Asia or Africa but to US firms investing in Canada and Europe.

Senator Javits set forth what is in our view a valid rule of thumb for the implementation of his 1958 amendment: "More favorable tax treatment," he told the Boggs Subcommittee, "must be justified by its contribution to the foreign policy of the United States. This I do not think can be done across the board." Rep. Boggs in the legislation he has introduced makes a partial step in the direction of selective application to the less-developed areas in a provision which would empower Secretary Herter to grant "tax sparing" credits—*i.e.*, US tax exemptions which would assure that the benefits of tax concessions on the part of the less-developed countries are not cancelled out by US taxes. Although this provision in the Boggs bill is not limited to the less-developed countries, it would be administered selectively by Secretary Herter. However, in view of timidity on the part of State Department officials who prefer to avoid the task of administering such a provision, even this is not likely to be written into law unless the new Secretary actively intervenes in support. The business study groups might have helped crystallize sentiment for selective tax incentives. But as matters stand the State Department has no clear and affirmative position of its own and the issue is apparently going to the Treasury Department—which opposes any tax concessions—by default. Chairman Wilbur Mills (D, Ark.) of the House Ways and Means Committee inclines to the Treasury viewpoint in this instance and is reportedly pigeonholing the Boggs bill.

Backsliding on Schools

THE PROGRAMS of the National Defense Education Act, for which Congress authorized $183.3 million last year but appropriated only $40 million of that sum, have been nearly at a standstill because the supplementary appropriation for fiscal 1959, ending June 30, has been so long delayed. A strong effort by members of the NEA, the American Council on Education and other national groups was required to win House approval of even the additional $75.3 million for this purpose which was recommended by the President. This brings the 1959 total to $115.3 million, or about 63 percent of what Congress authorized last year, and on which its members received congratulations for their wisdom. As for the 1960 appropriation for NDEA, if Congress goes along with the President's recommendation of only $150 million, compared with the $222 million authorized, then the programs under this Act will be deprived during their first two years of more than $140 million of the $405 million originally voted for that period. The Senate, now considering funds for NDEA, is expected to increase the House amounts little if any.

Back in January Democrats passed the word that a strong Housing Bill would be rushed through on a first priority. This was good news to the colleges, which have financed nearly $1 billion in dormitories and related facilities under the College Housing Loan Program, but are halted now because Congress passed no Housing Act in 1958. The Senate on February 5 approved housing legislation with an authorization of $287.5 million for college loans, plus $125 million for a similar program for academic facilities; but in the House a somewhat similar bill, as of April 12, was stuck in the Rules Committee.

The NEA-backed Murray-Metcalf Bill, calling for $1.1 billion the first year to provide the states with $25 for each school-age child, and in succeeding years for $50, $75, and finally $100 per child, is being considered in House hearings, but the bill is given slim hopes of passage.

In short, it seems that the need for an educated citizenship is a subject for eloquence in the US Congress, but not for action.

Objection Overruled

TOWARD THE END of the silly season last summer, a somewhat eccentric federal district judge in Texas declared the federal farm program unconstitutional, more or less lock, stock and barrel. He was soon enough reversed by the Supreme Court, and nobody took his decision seriously in the meantime, except that of course his specific mandate was duly obeyed for the very short time being. This sort of thing, which enriches the small-talk of counsel fortunate enough to have been involved in it, happened again the other day, when Federal District Judge T. Hoyt Davis of Macon, Georgia, struck down as unconstitutional—in the lock, stock and barrel manner characteristic of such sportive judgments—the provisions of the Civil Rights Act of 1957 authorizing the Attorney General to bring suit for the enforcement of Negro voting rights.

The statutes afford the Government a direct appeal to the Supreme Court in cases of this kind. Judge Davis' holding—admittedly based on fancifully possible appli-

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cations of the Act rather than on the actual application in the case before him, and hence palpably wrong—will be summarily reversed. It may be that the Supreme Court will find it convenient to take action before it rises in June. It may be fall before reversal comes. An urgent special session is scarcely indicated, since Judge Davis' decision is not a serious obstacle to the filing and successful prosecution by the Attorney General of other voting suits under the Civil Rights Act of 1957. Judge Davis' order affects only the cases before him. The value of his opinion as a precedent is nil. The Attorney General, while he can do nothing beyond appealing in this case itself, can and should decline to be bound by it otherwise. Deeming the decision wrong, and confident that it will not stand, he should go about his business as if it had never been rendered—which is precisely what the Administration did last summer when it refused to consider abandoning the farm program, even temporarily.

Labor "Reform"

THE American political system is not at its prettiest when Congress is considering labor-management "reform" legislation, and it is by no means certain that this year's version of reform will result in legislation that is useful, effective and tolerable in a democracy. The Kennedy-Ervin bill—establishing new procedures for union and management financial reporting—presumably will clear the Senate in about the form it has emerged from the Labor Committee, but the House is a trackless morass of political sinkholes and treacherous quicksands.

Right-wing Republicans don't want union-supported Democrats to have credit for "reform," and conservative Southern Democrats have little feeling about unions except that they are too big for their breeches. Secretary of Labor Mitchell has blown hot and cold on the Kennedy-Ervin bill; he told a Republican women's audience, just before the Senate debate began, that its passage might make people say "we have some labor reform legislation when actually we would have none." In these circumstances, the House will be the graveyard of legislation again unless the majority Democrats work hard and consistently, and unless they are given the energetic support of those realistic union elements who recognize that the "reform" issue should be settled, and settled affirmatively, this year. No one will benefit from failure except those elements who want to weaken labor both economically and as a political force.

A rational reform measure, such as the Kennedy-Ervin bill, will not be a panacea for evils—nor will it necessarily "stop Hoffa"—but it would establish ground rules in the public interest to reduce the influence of both management and labor racketeers.

The Peers & the People

SHORTLY, union and management in the steel industry will perform according to the traditional choreography of contract negotiation. The glaring of eyes, the pounding of fists, the assumptions of posture across the bargaining table will be acted out in accepted sequence. Whether the movement of the ballet known as the strike will be included in this performance is as yet undecided, as are the exact holds which will be used in the clinches. Yet on the basis of past performance, the finale can be foreseen.

The management's interest in the finale is in the profits that can be passed on to expectant shareholders, or to be retained for expansion and modernization and to fulfill the banking function which has been an internal operation of the larger corporations for some years; the big executive of today's companies is concerned also with his reputation in the eyes of what the sociologists term his peer group.

Labor's interest is with the economic position of the union's members, whether expressed through the pay envelope or in benefits ranging from current vacation to eventual retirement; the big union executive, too, is looking out for his reputation in a tough competition with his fellow unionists as to who gets what for whom.

When these two sets of peers meet to make a contract, the exaggerated antagonisms which are exhibited to make the show often terminate in a moment of tacit understanding. After labor has made its demands and management has declared them impossible, a bargain is concluded. The next movement of the ballet brings another group of actors onto the scene—after the wage motif and the price comes the payment motif—but at that point, the peers leave the stage to the people.

Over the next weeks, homilies about maintaining a stable price level, restraining inflation, remembering the parts of the economy that live on fixed incomes, will be uttered from governmental and private quarters. But nothing is harder to change than traditional choreography. Nobody has yet thought of how to get the people onto the stage at the same time that the peers are making their bargain.

After all, both sets of peers are sitting pretty. The Management peers have maintained a position in stocks that improves with inflation; the labor peers have maintained a position in real wages that goes up as the spiral turns. They are sitting on an escalator. As long as the people are there to pick up the tab, the peer-to-peer appeal for a little bit more, just this once, just for me, is compelling.

True, both sets of peers, in their civic and personal lives, are touched by what happens to the people. They may even face together, sitting on boards of Community Chests, the upcreep of agency costs. Individually, they

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will be subject to the upcreep of the tax take, the cost of education, the cost of medical care. In their personal situations they will know—and often have to help out—pensioners whose incomes drop continually below their cost, let alone their former standard, of living.

But devising choreography to include the people at the bargaining table means government interposition, and proposals as to how to do it are scanty. The minimum effect of existing anti-trust legislation on the corporation whose prices it was designed to hold in line raises doubts as to whether the law can be any more effective in relation to the labor and farm organizations which are currently exempted from its application.

The upcoming steel negotiation, however, will almost certainly bring one step nearer the necessity of some means of representing the people on stage with the peers.

The New Seaway

BY THE END of April—the exact date will depend upon when the ice melts—the United States will add a fourth seacoast to its Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf ports. At last, after many years of controversy and bitter opposition from Eastern railroads and ports, the St. Lawrence Seaway will be open to ocean-going vessels. This historic event will inevitably cause a rearrangement of trade, a reconsideration of transportation advantages by shippers, and quite possibly a rate war between ocean and seaway ports. For from the new ports, America's grain, ores, and manufactures can move directly to European and Latin American markets. European shippers can tap the rich opportunities of the Midwest by shipping directly on ocean-going freighters to such cities as Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, and, biggest of all, Chicago.

Only speculation is possible about the consequences of so considerable a change in long-established arrangements. If, for example, the Federal government promotes the shipment of surplus grain from Seaway ports, US corn and wheat may compete more readily in foreign markets, with repercussions in other grain exporting countries. Conceivably, New York City, already beset by waterfront labor troubles, may decline in importance as a port and so may other major cities of the eastern seaboard. Eastern railroads, already in financial trouble, may suffer further losses. Yet, if the Seaway substantially reduces freight costs as it is expected to do, the effects can scarcely be anything but ultimately favorable.

Enthusiasm at the prospects should not conceal some of the problems. The Seaway is not a twelve-month waterway. Ice closes parts of it in winter. This presumably permanent problem is acompanied by some temporary ones: the facilities have not yet reached their full depth so that it will be a year or more before even a provisional assessment of the Seaway's impact is possible; and there is some question about the adequacy of port facilities to accommodate the larger and more numerous vessels which are expected. Something will depend also on the fairness of the toll structure. But none of the reservations or possibly adverse side effects should diminish anyone's appreciation of a major economic event: it is not only the Russians who can change nature, as Stalin used to say; Canadians and Americans can do as much.

Iraq: Red or Sober?

MEASURING the extent to which Iraq is under Communist control is no easier from inside Baghdad than from outside it. Rumors abound; purges are on; even the socialist newspaper, hitherto independent of red influence, has taken to pressing for them; the official one deals with one day is gone the next, to the huge detriment of the conduct of business. Baghdad was treated recently to a huge "Partisans of Peace" demonstration of the type that sparked off the anti-Qassem revolt in Mosul in March; the Baghdad one was heavily attended by Russians and opened by Qassem himself. It is now obvious that the half-cock protest in Mosul was a tragedy, for it has given Qassem's Communist supporters the excuse to bring back onto the streets the young militiaman with a brassard and a sten-gun and a right to frisk and arrest the passer-by.

Yet in the midst of this chaos there are still a few signs that the Qassem government has not been handed over to its Communist wing. One is that the four socialist civilian ministers are still in the cabinet (though the Communists are gunning for some of their jobs, which at present include the ministries of Finance, Foreign Affairs and Communications). The two soldiers holding the important portfolios of Defense and Interior are also said to be anti-Communist. Should these disappear, the rubicon will have been crossed. Another sign is that Qassem has not ordered the execution of political prisoners ranging from his one-time co-revolutionary, Colonel Aref, to such figures of world-wide repute as Dr. Fadhil Jamali.

A further sign that Qassem has not yet lost his head, together with all control, is the course of his current negotiations with the Western-owned Iraq Petroleum Company. He and his Communist minister of Economics, Dr. Kubba, have both denied their intention to nationalize Iraq's oil. One thing they want was in process of being handed over anyway—some concession areas to exploit for themselves. But they also want additional immediate revenue from oil, and this can be got, at a time when the world oil market is a buyers' market, only by inducing the IPC to make new investments in their shaky country.

Here is an anomaly, but also as good a piece of evidence as exists anywhere of the degree to which a

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vested interest in the industry acts as a stabilizer. In fact, there is a piquant contrast just now available between Baghdad—waving red flags but wooing its Western oil company—and Cairo, where the Egyptian organizers of the current Arab Oil Congress have nothing to lose by plastering the town with posters telling the visiting oil company delegations that Arab oil is Arab property and must be run by Arabs.

There would seem, therefore, to be two dangers facing the Western oil company in Iraq (in which US participation amounts to 27.75 per cent). One is that the Iraqis will feel bound to outdo Cairo in anti-Westernism; probably even their reds are hard headed enough not to fall for that temptation. The other is that the country will dissolve into a counter-revolution; for it is plain that, as a result of alienating the nationalists, the whole country, including the army, is divided in its opinion of Qassem.

There is some evidence that the Soviet Union does not, for the moment, want to see either of these possibilities materialize. It has its hands full with the Berlin crisis, China's handling of Tibet. Till it is less busy, it would prefer not to be committed to the actions of its impulsive Iraqi stooges.

It *Is* Senatorial Business

AS FAR as the American public knows our relations with the Latin-American nations are not at the moment threatened by any great crisis. The current task of American diplomacy, therefore, is primarily that of solidifying and strengthening the existing amicable relations, which indicates that the qualifications for the job include tact, discretion, and amiability, rather than brilliance or aggressiveness. Hence it would seem that the Senate is acting well within its constitutional duty in hesitating at this time to confirm as an emissary to the southern continent a type accurately, if savagely, described by William Watson as

> Malignant-lipped, unkind, unsweet;
> Past all example indiscreet;
> Hectic, and always overstrung,—
> The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue.

If partisan bitterness should, as we say, end at the water's edge, it is a legitimate function of the Senate to prevent its export.

Insulating the Cameroons

THE SMOKE has now cleared away from the bitter three week long debate in the General Assembly's Trusteeship Committee over the procedural steps by which the French and British Cameroons will move from trusteeship to independent status. But even in perspective, the dogmatic opposition of the United States to UN-sponsored elections in the French Cameroons prior to independence in 1960 raises some serious questions. Why did the American delegation make an all-out fight to impose its views on the Committee against the strong sentiment of every African UN member except Ethiopia?

Officially, the US position was based on two major premises: (1) that the government of Premier Ahmadou Ahidjo was legitimately elected two years ago, and to question its authenticity would amount to questioning the integrity of the able incumbent and of the trust power; and (2) that the Trusteeship Committee should stand by the recommendation of the UN Visiting Mission (headed by Benjamin Gehrig of the United States) which surveyed the Cameroons earlier this year and counseled against complicating the transition to independence by holding an important election so close to the January deadline.

Unofficially, the United States was more seriously concerned that, if elections were called, the African-Arab contingent might push through an amendment specifying that the *Union des Populations du Cameroun,* a radical political party which tried to seize power by armed rebellion after it was outlawed by the French in 1955, be permitted to participate. The French claim that the UPE is Communist-dominated, whereas the African states—even such conservatively-governed ones as Liberia and Morocco—appear satisfied that the outlawed party is what it says it is, radical nationalist. (Morocco and Tunisia's attitudes are undoubtedly colored by personal experience: only a few years ago, they point out, the French were whispering in the American ear that the *Istiqlal* and *Neo Destour* were also Communist.)

None of the African states which pressed for elections prior to independence defended the UPC as such, however. Nor did they suggest that the incumbent regime of Premier Ahidjo was necessarily unrepresentative. They were primarily concerned with establishing the principle that popular endorsement of any government in any dependent area approaching independence should be tested by holding a UN-sponsored election to clear up any question of manipulative practices on the part of the colonial or trust power. They cited the examples of Ghana, Nigeria and Togoland, reminding the delegates that in the latter state pre-independence elections last year overthrew a French-sponsored regime.

African delegates at the UN, including some very friendly to the United States, were angry at the powerhouse techniques used by this country to assure a majority vote for the 11-power resolution specifying no elections, and they were also visibly disturbed by the rationale behind US obduracy. This is the essence of the African analysis, as propounded in the corridors by delegates from Tunisia as well as those from Ghana or Liberia:

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The 11-power resolution is short-sighted because it aims at insulating the Cameroons against African nationalism in almost exactly the same manner that the British and Nuri es-Said tried to keep radical Arab nationalism from tainting Iraq. And where has this ended? Whenever the "real nationalists" are cut off from legitimate participation in the electoral process, they are forced into an extreme position and to find outside allies. Maybe there are some Communists in the UPC who directly report to Moscow, but the party is unquestionably also a rallying point for an important element of non-Communist African nationalists. How the party is handled in the months ahead—how desperate it gets—may well determine its future orientation. The General Assembly may well be forcing Cameroonian nationalists into subversive channels and giving new opportunities to the very Communist influences of which it is so fearful.

It may be that the State Department knows some secrets not known to the moderate African leaders cited above. If so, we can only hope they were important enough to match the loss of good will involved here. On the surface, it looks very much as if the delegation in New York got swept up in the tactical play and lost sight of the long-term issues.

President Adenauer: The British View

London

OFFICIAL relations between Bonn and London have never been worse since the war—if Adenauer is still taken to personify the German Government as a whole. The trouble came to a head when Adenauer used half the time in a television broadcast which was ostensibly concerned with his decision to stand for the Presidency to attack certain unnamed forces which he claimed were deliberately trying to embitter the British people against Germany.

It was an extraordinary statement, both in its manner and its matter. "I have sometimes asked myself," said Adenauer, "if there are wire-pullers somewhere who deliberately try, for reasons of foreign policy, to impair relations between the British people and the German people."

He went on to dismiss Macmillan's carefully reasoned proposals for a European settlement in the following words: "The German delegations, and particularly myself, were reproached with refusing to discuss Great Britain's proposals for a 'frozen' zone in Europe. Well, I have just now once again had a very careful check made on whether Great Britain has ever made a precise proposal. . . . I have established that this theme has always been mentioned in only a very vague manner, so that discussion of it was not at all possible."

He went on to compare himself with De Gaulle. "British attacks on De Gaulle, arising from certain differences of opinion, are I believe, keeping within moderate limits. Only against us, and especially against me, are these attacks being made ever more strongly." British surprise and irritation at this speech turned to anger when it was discovered that the "proof" Adenauer had offered Macmillan of these allegations centered on a few press reports of anti-Semitic practices and an *Observer* account of the efforts made by some well-known pacifists to obtain compensation for "national persecutees" in Western Germany.

The most charitable explanation for the outburst is that Adenauer was using Britain as a scapegoat for the general annoyance he felt at being eased upstairs into the Presidency. But his feelings toward Britain have been cool ever since the British occupation authorities dismissed him as Mayor of Cologne in 1945. And one can understand his feeling that if Britain had so long refused to participate in building a European union, she had no right now to jump in and claim the right to lead the whole of Europe in diplomacy.

But of course the real trouble is that Britain has already forced the West as a whole to negotiate when Adenauer does not want to negotiate at all, and is now trying to unite the West on a negotiating position which he regards as surrender. Moreover, he may have some reasonable grounds for his complaint that he was not informed as promised of the British-American discussions at Camp David.

However that may be, Adenauer is now seen by almost the whole of Britain as the saboteur of the most hopeful initiative yet taken to produce a European settlement. There is consequently immense interest in his decision to run for President. The first wave of relief that he was resigning as head of the government has given way to a gloomy foreboding that his real aim is to establish himself in a well-nigh impregnable position as a German De Gaulle. On the other hand the growing unrest in the Christian Democratic Party at his authoritarian rigidity may prevent him from using the Presidency for purposes which are not compatible with democracy.

The real trouble from the British viewpoint is that in any case he will remain Chancellor for another six months and that no British argument or pressure is likely to have the slightest effect on him. Macmillan's talks with the French Prime Minister are unlikely to have produced any diminution in De Gaulle's loyalty to Adenauer. And the one person who might have shifted Adenauer a little, Foster Dulles, is no longer in a position to influence anyone but Eisenhower. It is a typical irony of politics that all those in Britain who used to attack Dulles as the main obstacle to flexibility in Western policy now bitterly regret his illness.

DENIS HEALEY

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The Coming of the Compact Car

by HELEN HILL MILLER

IF YOU TOLD a man from Missouri that only 29.2 percent of the automobiles produced in this country are made in Michigan, he might believe you. If he then told you that Wisconsin is the third and Missouri is the fourth ranking state in automobile production, you might not believe him. This confusion measures the extent of recent changes in one of the most fabulous of American industries.

Much of the American automotive fable remains intact, supported by the statistics of car ownership which recently made a newly-arrived Frenchman, viewing the chock-full, gaily-colored rectangles of industrial parking-space along the highway from Idlewild to New York, query: Do they give cars away here?

In 1958, in a population of 175.4 million, some 81.5 million persons had operator's licenses and drove 57.0 million passenger automobiles a total of nearly 530 billion miles. Around 43.4 million of these vehicles were owned by individuals; some 6.5 million households were two-car establishments.

The United States, with 5.9 percent of the world's area and 6.4 percent of the world's population, contained 67.5 percent of the world's cars: 68 percent of America's employed persons drive automobiles to work.

Counting all occupations from car manufacturers to car wreckers, from drive-in theatres to automobile race tracks to bookmobile circuits, from taxi companies to motels, cars are the basis of some 700,000 of the nation's 4.3 million business establishments. But just the same, the automobile industry is not what it used to be. It has problems of relocation, automation, circulation and saturation, each worth a brief review.

Today's motor geography is not what it used to be: when the 100 millionth American passenger car rolled off the line in mid-December 1951, the event occurred at one or another of 112 assembly plants scattered over 25 states. The change which has taken place in Michigan's prime industry during the postwar years is somewhat like that in New England's prime industry during the preceding generation. In the 1920's and 1930's the cotton textile industry went South to be near its raw material and to hire unorganized labor. In the 1940's and 1950's, the automobile industry, while it did not move, nevertheless established major new capacity in the South and West, to be close to its fastest-growing markets—between 1939 and 1953, per capita income in the Southeastern states went up 282 percent, the steepest rise of any region; the 274 percent rise of the Southwestern region was the second steepest. California is now the second largest auto-producing state, turning out 593,177 cars in 1957 to Michigan's 1,916,899. Georgia, with a 309,584 output, was number five on the 1957 state list; 10 of the 13 Southern states from Maryland to Texas have at least one major motor installation.

Along with this relocation, major technological improvements have been introduced into the methods of an industry which had already given international fame to the assembly line—automation, especially in the basic metal-working processes, has considerably reduced the number of workers required for a given output. One Michigan plant, in cooperation with the Parker Pen Company, has recently installed an automated mechanism that turns out a complete front-end suspension assembly with five operators in attendance; using previous methods, 75 men would be required to equal its output.

Partly affected by the strike against Chrysler Corporation, the Detroit area's rate of unemployment rose to 16 percent in February from 14.6 percent in January. The general failure of employment to keep up with the mild recovery of the industry in recent months can be in considerable part attributed to such changes in production methods. In 1949, the automotive industry produced 6,253,651 cars and trucks with 759,600 people employed; in 1958 it turned out 5,135,106 with 627,000 people employed. Federal Reserve Board chairman William McChesney Martin, on February 6, transmitted to the Congressional Joint Economic Committee a staff paper which noted:

> Productivity increases in manufacturing industry have apparently been higher this time than in the earlier recovery periods, reflecting very high modernization investment in the preceding boom as well as the greatly expanded industrial research and development programs of the boom period. For instance, automobile output, while only 4 percent lower than in December, 1956, provided one-fifth less in production worker employment than two years earlier.

Re-employment in the automobile industry therefore seems likely to require redevelopment, on a fairly substantial scale, of industrial areas that up to now have been largely one-industry towns.

It was the car that pulled America out of the mud and onto the highways that make modern metropolitan areas possible. But now the cars choke the highways until the cities strangle—today 88.7 percent of intercity travel is by auto as compared with 3.9 percent by plane and

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3.6 percent by rail. Capital outlay on highways, skyways, cloverleafs and underpasses by federal, state and local governments has risen from $2.3 billion in 1950 to $5.7 billion in 1957, and maintenance has gone up from $1.4 billion to $2.1 billion in the same interval; yet rush-hour traffic worms its way in and out of town twice daily in confusion and frustration. The big car registrations are in the congested areas: last year, half of the 55,906,195 cars registered in the country were located in eight states: California, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Texas, Illinois, Michigan and New Jersey. In projecting future needs, the recent mass transport study of Metropolitan Washington estimated that by 1980, rush-hour traffic would require 18 lanes if the present pattern of transport (which includes much car-pooling) were not otherwise supplemented, to say nothing of the downtown acreages required to park the vehicles during the working day. Somewhere, there is a saturation point of circulation, beyond which the number of cars in use can hardly be increased.

In some cities, transport problems created by cars have a further dimension than that of finding the square miles to bring them into town, park them, and send them out again. Exhaust fumes from the 50.1 billion gallons of gasoline consumed by motor vehicles of all kinds in the course of a year are an increasing hazard which has already reached the danger stage in the smog over Los Angeles. Where the car once new-modelled the city, the city may now new-model the car. Older citizens who remember their stick-steered Rauch Lang electrics observe with interest the manufacture, by the Stinson Aircraft Tool and Engineering Corporation of San Diego, of the Charles Town-About, capable of 58 mph and a range of 77 miles to a charge, soon to be marketed at about $2,800; the Cleveland Vehicle Company had made similar plans prior to the recent announcement of American Motors of a long-range research project, undertaken jointly with the manufacturers of Sonotone hearing aids, to develop an electric car using the nickel-cadmium battery commonly used for cars in Europe but familiar here chiefly in missiles and jet aircraft; this would give far greater mileage per charge than lead-acid types. Recharging of the new electrics will be possible by plugging into normal household outlets.

The disappearance of the great open spaces in America, the accelerated battle for square footage in the metropolitan areas that now house 59 percent of a fast multiplying population have raised a question which shakes a long-term and deeply felt American conviction: Is BIGGER necessarily BETTER?

This is no ordinary question: it relates not only to the practical matter of American convenience, but also to the basic intangibles of the American way of life.

The turn to the small foreign car started with a snob appeal to the Ivy-League, Main-Line, North-Shore set; but it has now broadened until *Automotive News* estimates that there are 11,088 dealers who handle imported cars, and 1,920 who handle them exclusively. At the same time, with the Lark, Studebaker rises again—this year's production through March 28 was 48,801 as contrasted with 8,177 for the similar period a year ago. The ramblings of the Rambler have taken it to sixth place in production, behind Chevrolet-Ford-Oldsmobile-Pontiac, and neck and neck with Plymouth; as of April 11 115,236 had been produced this year; on completion of an expansion which will provide the capacity to turn out 440,000 Ramblers a year, American Motors' cut in a 5.2 million car market might exceed 7 percent. Between January 1 and March 28, 1,550,776 cars were turned out in the US; Rambler and Studebaker accounted for 146,181 of them. (On the other hand, as of that date a backlog of some 750,000 unsold cars had developed, and dealer stocks of the two small cars were in excess of a two-month supply.)

By autumn, the Big Three are expected to have ready cars which are tactfully being referred to as "compact"—with the current advertising campaign of the entire auto industry sporting the slogan: "Live Better by Far in a Brand New Car," the giants could hardly admit that Better is Smaller.

The coming of the compact car shows that to more and more American families their car has become a means of transportation. It is no longer a dream boat. A buyer's requirements vary markedly when he is looking for a vehicle in order to go places physically from what they are when he is buying a car in order to go places socially.

The purchaser of transportation has some very down-to-earth questions in mind: How many miles to the gallon? What does it cost in the first place? Can I get it into my garage? How's the leg room? He is quite different from the buyer who wants the Joneses to see him driving around in a finny convertible colored like one of Howard Johnson's 28 flavors, or being driven around in something that is longer, lower and blacker than anything else in Prospect Hills or Colonial Heights.

The extent to which the thrill of first-car ownership is now confined to teen-agers, the extent to which saturation of the market now puts most purchases into the relatively prosaic class of replacements, is shown by figures from the sample study undertaken each year by the Survey Research Center of the University of Michigan for the Federal Reserve Board. In this year's study, 70.2 percent of the spending units queried were car owners: 59.8 percent owned one car, 10.4 percent owned two or more. In 1948, the ownership total was only 49.5 percent, with only 1.4 percent owning more than one car.

The big car-buying spree of 1955—call it a rush or a push into purchase as you will—carried car ownership deep down into both the lower age and the lower income groups. In 1955, 28.1 percent of all spending units

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studied bought a car. This compared with 27.4 percent in 1956 and 22.5 percent in 1957. Of those who bought cars in 1955, where the age of the head of the household was more than 45, the proportion buying varied little from other years. But among the 35-44 year olds, the proportion was 33.5 in 1955 as compared with 26.7 in 1957; among 25-34 year olds it was 37.9 as compared with 28.3; and among 18-24 year olds it was 43.6 as against 35.4 two years later. In the 1958 survey the extent to which intent to purchase was concentrated in families whose income is represented solely by their current paycheck was startlingly underlined when 76.5 percent of the households who said they intended to buy either a new or a used car during the year also said that their liquid assets were below $2,000. Once distribution of any commodity goes that far, its ownership ceases to differentiate the owner. Until it reached that point, the automobile had certain advantages in competition for the consumer's dollar. It gave him a chance to parade the fact that he belongs, that he is a part of the main stream of America, that his standard of living is the American standard. And since the demonstration was mobile, possible in the downtown district, at work, on visits to relatives, during Sunday in the park, the car had a lead over such fixed commodities as housing and the consumer durables that go with it.

But when fins are flashed in all price ranges by all income groups, social distinction is no longer demonstrated; Bigger is no longer Better. So whether out of snobbishness or because of convenience, shoppers in the replacement market for an only car, or on entering the two-car family status, are likely to look for new kinds of value. Today, per capita expenditure on automobiles is a declining item in the disposition of our gross national product.

THE figures mentioned each year since 1948 by persons in the Federal Reserve survey who said they intended to buy a car shows the rate at which automobile prices have been rising. In 1948, the median figure which these consumers expected to have to pay for their new car was $1,800; for a used car, $600. Early this year, they quoted $3,030 and $860. This explains the drop-back on the ladder of makes which put the major impact of the recent recession on cars in the middle and upper ranges. It also explains the decline of the former custom among many customers of a yearly trade-in: the average age of cars in use in 1958 was 5.6 years, and the average life of the 4.3 million cars scrapped in 1956 was 11.1 years. The parallel rise in gas prices and taxes has accelerated the search for cheaper auto transport.

The clear intent of many consumers to see if there are not cheaper ways of getting around by car is paralleled by recent changes in the extent to which purchasers are willing to mortgage their future earnings in order to get a car. During the early 1950's, installment financing of auto purchases grew very rapidly. In 1949, only 43 percent of the new cars purchased were so financed, while 55.8 percent were bought for cash, including trade-in allowances. By 1957, almost two out of three cars were financed on installments, and 34.3 percent were bought outright. (For used cars, the change was slighter, with the percentage financed on installment credit and other borrowing rising only from 52.3 to 57.6 percent over the seven years.) The volume of automobile paper representing installment credit ballooned from $4.555 billion in 1949 to $15.409 billion in 1957.

The Federal Reserve's consumer survey showed that the debt incurred by credit buyers of new and used cars in 1957 averaged $1,813 for new cars and $718 for used cars, and that the amount of debt incurred varied little by income bracket—the customers whose incomes were in the bottom fifth took on $1,790 for new cars and $513 for used cars, while those in the top fifth assumed $1,799 and $761.

The recession brought home to many families the extent to which they had too easily assumed that there would always be a paycheck tomorrow, and while the general credit policy in many areas of large unemployment was against repossession, particularly if the client could keep up his interest payments, a note of caution appeared which is still present. Automobile paper totalled only $14.131 billion at the end of 1958, and has turned up very slowly in 1959.

Added caution in the extension of automobile credit may also develop if the currently proposed legislation should pass, requiring divorce of the auto-financing and the auto-producing businesses. It is worth noting that in the Fed's consumer survey this year, the proportion of consumers who planned to buy new cars in 1959, while above those with such plans in 1958, was below the levels of the previous three years; and the proportion who planned to buy used cars, though above that of most recent years, was down from last year's high, and so was the price that customers indicated themselves willing to pay for their vehicle.

The impact of foreign small cars on the US domestic market raises questions about the future position of the American car in other markets around the world. Five years ago, 167,048 American passenger cars were sold abroad, and 33,312 foreign cars were sold in the US. In 1958, American overseas passenger car sales numbered 121,758 while foreign car sales in the US jumped to 430,808. In countries where car ownership extends only a short way down the income scale, the flash-past of a Caudillo in a Cadillac may for some time retain great charm; but the competition for less rarified markets between the US compact cars and established European models will be a new economic phenomenon—in which US producers base their expectations on being able to render more effective service, prompter supply of parts, and basically better performance.

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Ambassador in the Boondocks

by HUNTON L. DOWNS

THE Ambassador from Sarkhan to the United States laid down the book. He was stunned. His values, derived from 23 years of diplomatic and political experience, were shattered.

Yet, there could be no mistake. He leafed through the pages of *The Ugly American*. The word "fact" leaped out at him time and again. An involuntary shudder coursed through his body, cooling the hot Washington night. Relations between his Southeast Asian government and the United States must have deteriorated badly —almost to the breaking point. Strange, no one had advised him. There had not been one word in the dispatches and cables from Haidho, nothing in the monitoring reports of Communist radio. Yet, there it was—the "inside story" and a best-seller.

The book alleged that American diplomacy, aid and information to the Kingdom of Sarkhan had deteriorated to a flatulent low. That the only accomplishments being effected were by individual "ugly" Americans who, under alcoholic influence, were trying to sell bicycle pumps for rice paddies, long-handled brooms to peasant women and interfering with the armies of neighboring countries.

Shocking.

Ambassador Jeema Nung had planned not to attend the dinner that evening honoring Senator Klutch of the Appropriations Committee. He had never got used to the rich, heavily-greased American food and was just now recovering from a bout of dysentery.

"Duty first," he groaned aloud, and ordered his summer formal pressed.

It was only at cocktails and dinners that one could feel the official pulse and piece together the moods of nations that lay bound in secret classifications.

The slim, handsome Ambassador gave his thoughts free reign. Money. That was the key. With relations at such a danger level, the Americans would never continue to supply the money that had saved Sarkhan from the Communist horde in the north and had done so much to build the economy.

He stared at the book. Imagine. Three ambassadors in one year. Such a thing had never happened before in the history of American diplomacy. He didn't know any of the three. He had met "Chip" Bohlen on his way through to the Philippines and some of the others. But he had never met Lucky Louis Sears, Gilbert McWhite or this last fellow, Joe Bing, who was being proposed. He couldn't imagine the United States sending three such odd balls to Sarkhan, or promoting a Public Affairs Officer to the rank of Ambassador. Unheard of. Perhaps that's why State didn't introduce them to him. Ah-ha!

He sat bolt upright. There were dozens of countries angling for American money. Sarkhan was being bypassed. The United States was creating an insulting situation in his country. He thought intently for a moment. That was it. It could be the only solution. Sarkhan was going to be eased out of the fiscal picture.

The Ugly American suddenly made sense to him. The sending of those weird types into what was it they called it? The "boondocks." What could be more insulting than trying to jazz our national anthem on the harmonica, or reading the fortune of the King. And running around loose like that in the jungles. It was almost as if the American Government *wanted* one of them de-entrailed by a sect fanatic or eaten by a tiger . . . that they wanted to create some incident.

He bent over the book with renewed vigor.

"Cows for milk," he muttered. That would thin out our population in a hurry, he thought. In that torrid heat, bacteria would make milk sickening, unless it could be kept under home refrigeration. He doubted if the Americans were planning to supply refrigerators for every household in Sarkhan. Besides, Americans knew that Sarkhanese didn't like milk.

He puzzled over the reference to Joe Bing's wearing a "Tattersall red vest," in the hot Sarkhanese climate. *The Ugly American's* water pump of bamboo confused him as well. He re-read the chapter. How could anyone force water through a bamboo pole when every few inches there was a thick bulkhead. It would require special drilling apparatus. The Ambassador shrugged and concluded they were typographical errors.

When he re-read the flyleaf of the book's cover, he was convinced of the American plot. One of the authors had made 26 trips from Hawaii to Southeast Asia in five years. That figured out to be five trips a year, or almost one every two months. His brain, inured to astronomical aid figures, whirled at the probable cost of this transportation. If he weren't "assigned" to write just such a

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book, the government would simply have stationed the writer in Southeast Asia. And, he was probably the best writer in the country, Ambassador Nung thought while shaving. A credit stated that he had written a previous book on *How To Make Money Writing.*

The diplomatic dinner was a failure. Senator Klutch assured the over-anxious Ambassador that Sarkhan was scheduled to receive the appropriation agreed upon by ICA and State with "possible readjustment downward." That's all the Senator would say. Somehow, the guests were too gracious and charming. He tried again. He was assured that there was absolutely no intent to discontinue plans for the Ding Ton Dam in the arid highlands where construction was already underway to resettle part of the jammed population of Haidho. Ambassador Jeema Nung pulled out all stops and mentioned the name of *The Ugly American.* There was a stony silence. The subject was changed.

Shaken, he returned to the residence on Connecticut Avenue and for the rest of the night brooded in his study. When dawn broke, he had reread *The Ugly American.*

Summoning the First Secretary, he stated crisply, "For the next two weeks, the Embassy will be served nothing but milk and hamburgers."

"Beg pardon?" The intellectual brow of the Secretary furrowed.

"And mashed potatoes and pie. Our stomachs must become conditioned. Ask the Embassy doctor to stand by on a 24-hour basis."

"Are you feeling alright, sir?"

"Frankly, no. But, it's an ordeal we must pass through."

Ambassador Nung tapped his knee thoughtfully with *The Ugly American.*

"Ask the Information Section to round up several of the latest books on provincial life in America for me. How is it they call it? The boondocks?"

"Sir, perhaps if you would get some sleep. . . . "

"Koy," the Ambassador said sternly, "we face a crisis, the most serious since our country gained its independence. We live in a changing world. The techniques of diplomacy change with the times. We cannot stay here in Washington enjoying our comforts. We must get out in the boondocks."

"But, Excellency, we have consulates in Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco."

"The Americans have consulates in Ban-toi, Shangrang and Qua-La out in Sarkhan, but I mean the field, Koy . . . out with the nomads."

"Well, we make field trips. . . . "

"That is not enough," the Ambassador said. "We must go out, live with them, make them our friends, help them with our culture. The United States is a new country. Ours is 3,000 years old. If the Americans can be so generous as to help us with their money, then we can reciprocate and teach them the benefits of our culture. Diplomacy has changed, Koy. We must go out to the people."

The Secretary shrugged helplessly. "But our mission? Our liaison with the government, with Congress, the new Development Fund, our press contacts, our reports to Haidho, our technical courses, visas, passports . . . ?"

"Money is at stake, Koy. The only way we can save the Sarkhan budget is to do as the ugly Americans do in Sarkhan. In two weeks, the entire Embassy will move out into the field to make friends. I shall select some state like Kentucky or Ohio. The others may pick as they wish, but no cities—mind you—boondocks!"

The Secretary shook his head sadly and turned to go.

"Koy . . . wives with."

The knees of the First Secretary knocked. "Wives . . . with?"

The Ambassador tapped the book to affirm his nod.

"But . . . "

"I know, our women are never seen in public. We shall have to discard our ancient traditions, Koy. Start the ladies in a school. Teach them about household budgets, how to argue with their husbands, and encourage them to wear funny hats. Make them practice empty conversation with other women."

"But, Excellency, this could. . . . "

"I know . . . I know. . . . " The Ambassador sighed wearily. "But, it is for Sarkhan."

The First Secretary straightened. "I shall alert the provincial press. We will want tapes, clippings, movie footage. . . . "

"No publicity," said the Ambassador. "According to this book, that's not the way it's done. Goodwill loses value with exploitation. We shall mix with these American natives, dress like them, act like them, and then they will more willingly accept the advice we give them and be grateful to our country. Pass this book around. I want every member of the Embassy to read it before he goes out."

MR. and Mrs. Jim Nung veered south from Louisville into the mountains. The pink, oyster and O'Hara scarlet convertible throbbed into the curve and threatened to get out of control. Ambassador Jim fought the wheel. The power steering almost sent him into the bank. He wished desperately for his black vintage Cadillac, but he had spent the Embassy's entire representation fund for this finny monster. To be accepted as "normal" was vital.

He stole a quick glance at his wife and winced.

"That hat," he said wryly.

"So . . . what's wrong with it?"

He was suddenly angry, and then laughed. "Very good, my dear. Just don't let your repartee get to be a habit."

His wife's hand was cool against his wrist.

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"I know we have to butter the Americans. I shall play my role."

Jim saw a drive-in lunchroom looming ahead.

"Are you ready?"

"Ready."

He stopped the car softly, got out and extricated the tail of his flowered sport shirt so that it hung loosely below his pants pockets, just as he had seen it in *Esquire*.

"What are you waiting for," he bellowed at his wife. "Do you think we're at court?"

She crimsoned and got meekly out of the car. Jim fished a Sarkhanese lute out of the trunk, plunked the strings, tightened one, and said, "Alright, let's go."

He pushed open the door of the diner, planted his feet square and said, "Hi, folks, I'm the Sarkhanese Ambassador. Just wanted to stop in, meet you-all and have a gabfest."

The clatter of cutlery hushed. All eyes focused on him. Forks full of steak paused in mid-air. A voice muttered, "Grace to Glory! There's another one loose."

The Ambassador dug at the lute strings and something resembling the *Star Spangled Banner* whanged forth. There was silence until the "rockets' red glare" produced a mournful flat. A grimy truckdriver slammed the counter so hard that the plates bounced.

"That's downright sacker-ligious!"

"Pardon?" The Ambassador's fingers faltered.

"Ah sayed that that there's sacker-ligious."

The Sarkhanese Ambassador searched his English vocabulary and was panic-stricken. He had never been strong in the regional accents of America. He forced a wide grin, marched forward and pumped out his hand.

"The name is Nung . . . Jim Nung. And this here is my wife, Bessie. I'm aimin' to make friends for Sarkhan."

"For who?"

"My country. Sarkhan. It's in Southeast Asia."

"Huh. Never knowed anybuddy fom the southeast 'cept a driver from Phoenix. Well . . . no harm done. Set down and feed yer face. Yew too, Bessie."

With the confidence born of purge, Jim ordered hamburgers and milk—a pair on-the-hoof.

"Whut kinda damfanglin' gittar is that thing, Jim?" The driver, his mouth full, motioned to the lute.

"It's a Sarkhanese lute."

"Well, I swo."

Suspicion furrowed the driver's face as he contemplated the instrument. He shot a glance up at Jim under beetling brows.

"Yew one of them furriners, son?"

"Well, you might say so . . . yes. I'm a guest of the United States."

"Don't say. Fum Washington?"

"Yes."

"Oop to daisy . . . tootle doo," the driver crooned softly. "Revenooer?"

"Well, yes, part of my interests are revenue. But, I'm trying to reciprocate. My people have some cultural and philosophic achievements that I feel would be of value, perhaps in this area."

"Oh-oh, Miz Jane! Did you hear thet, Buck?" He nodded significantly at the burger-slinger. "Rev-ennn-ooo," he sang the word with glee.

The slinger flipped the burgers and smashed them into the hot grease.

Over his shoulder nonchalantly he asked, "Lookin' for anybuddy partickerler?"

"Just anybody," the Ambassador replied eagerly. "I'd like to find a small village that's primitive. . . . " He coughed. " . . . a few people that might benefit from my culture."

"Know just the party." The slinger's voice was as dead-panned as his face. "Take a right off the main highway two three mile. Keep on aclimbin' till you run out of road. Then you git out and walk and you better holler good and loud. Names Hillangone. Jed and Sarey'd be thur names . . . and there's a whole passel of kinfolk. Should oughta be jist whut yer lookin' fur."

The burly driver had trouble swallowing his steak.

The Ambassador paid for the sack of hamburgers and the milk, shook hands up and down the counter. "My people thank you for the taxes," he said solemnly and preceded his wife out of the swinging door.

The truck driver shook his head. "Ah don't know if you should oughto done that, Buck-boy."

Buck stirred the grease thoughtfully.

"Ah wouldn't have, but j'uh hear the way he talked, all them fancy words. He's fum Washington fer sure. Jist a danged ole tax collector, I'll bet. J'uh hear him thank us for taxes? Jed 'n Sarey'll take care a him."

GLADNESS filled the heart of Ambassador Nung. It was good to be back in the heart of nature, away from the strain and tempo of Washington. Even with the load on his back and the steep climb, it felt good. He thought of his youth and the camping trips to Laos. "Bessie" trailed behind balancing a suitcase and a package of foodstuff from a coolie-style yoke across her shoulder.

The first shot nicked the lute and sent a crescendo of wails echoing up the canyon. The second snapped the petunia on Bessie's hat. Suddenly he remembered his instructions, yelled, and dove for the ground. Bessie followed suit.

Within minutes, a patter of sliding rock and heavy treads introduced a tall, bearded, barefoot man—rifle cocked warily.

"If you had followed the principles of Clausewitz," the Ambassador said coolly, "you would have gotten us both with the same shot."

"Jist what ye be wantin', stranger?"

The Ambassador digested and deciphered. "My wife

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and I would like to live with you awhile. We can help your standard of living."

The mountaineer burst into guffaws. "That's whut we need. Somebody to help our livin'. Too many of us dyin' whut with thet dangbustid Hillwilliam tribe 'cross the valley. What ye got in thet pack?"

"Some gifts and some samples of our culture."

"Ye sellin' sumpin'? If yu'are, we ain't got no money. Peddlers ain't welcome."

"We have nothing for sale."

"Well, I don't put no store by missionaries, 'cept ye might help bury our kin and help 'em on the road to hevvin. By the good Lord, that's a good idee. Sarey'll 'preciate thet. Come along, stranger. Y'er welcome."

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Nung got up and shouldered their burdens.

The mountaineer squinted. "Now look here, boy, ain't no man gonna carry shucks whin there's a good strong woman about. Hook up there, woman. Me and yer husbin's got talkin' to keep us busy."

"I ain't gonna do it," said Bessie firmly.

"Better, dear," the Ambassador said hastily. "You can practice later."

AMBASSADOR Nung was hugely content. In less than three weeks he had become acclimatized to the mountain tribe. By his careful stratagem of warfare, devised from Hannibal's deceptive circular retreat, he had convinced the first scoffing, then dubious, then excited Jed Hillangone to try it. The stratagem was implemented. The limping, moaning Hillwilliams took a beating and retreated three valleys over. The tribe gathered for a victory feast; Jed told Jim to start it off.

The Ambassador expertly hung the communal jug over his shoulder and swilled, passing it on to the next.

"Gotta admire ye, Jim-boy," said Jed. "Ye shore got the brains. Ye kin plant yore bottoms here as long as ye will."

Jim felt a momentary pang at all the unfinished business that must be piling up in Washington, but he dismissed the thought. The tangy corn helped.

"Ah bin thinkin', Jed," he mused. "That copper contraption of yours. For all the mash you cook up, you don't get enough spirits out of it."

"Now, that's fer shore, boy," Jed hiccuped and roared with laughter. "Yew got eny idees?"

"Yes, but you think. It should be *your* idea."

The mountaineer's face clouded. "I don't git it."

"Well, if *you* think of it, it'll mean something to you. The idea will stick. If I tell you what to do, it won't mean as much as if you thought of it? See?"

Jed pondered. "Ye shore are atalkin' weird, son, an' Ah can't rightly foller ye. But I can tell ye this. If enybuddy shows me how to git one more drap o' corn outa that there still, Ah'll shore do it. I don't giveadam whose idee it be."

The Ambassador frowned. This wasn't going the way it should, according to the book. He didn't have the slightest idea how to get more booze out of the still.

He changed the subject quickly by asking for the jug.

Sarey burst out of the log cabin chortling with glee. "Looky here, Jed, whut Bessie done showed me."

Sarey was carrying a short-handled broom of duck feathers.

"I swo, you folks are shore the stuff. Looky here!"

She bent over and swept the front porch all the way to the electric washing machine.

"That's how Bessie keeps her good figger . . . abendin' over all the time. It's jist like them exercises you hear on the radio, 'cept ye do 'em to chores . . . an' there ain't so much durned dust. See? Looky here."

She grasped a long-handled store broom and swept with vigor. Dust blew far and wide.

"Raises too much Ned. Not this here though. It's jist as quiet and soft and these here feathers soak up the dust."

The Ambassador smiled approvingly. It seemed as if he saw two Bessies standing modestly in the background. He shook his head. Scotch-on-the-rocks was never like this, nor did it feel quite so good. Life was wonderful, he thought. This was real diplomacy. And Bessie was cooking rice and tea for dinner.

"Ye know, Jim, I gotta hunch I seen ye someplace before. Maybe on the television. Ye one of them preachers that brings sinners up front?"

"No," said Jim dreamily. "I'm an Ambassador."

"A who?"

"I represent my country in the United States."

"Whut country?" Jed asked suspiciously.

"One you never heard of . . . half way around the world."

"Well, I swo. Whut ye doin' up here . . . hidin' out?"

"No, Jed. I'm making friends."

"With who?" The mountaineer reached for his rifle.

"With you."

"Me? Why?"

"Just the missionary in my soul, I guess."

Jed was reassured. "I knowed ye wuz a missionary feller fum the fust. Why'd ye try to put on all thet dog, like ye wuz a . . . whut wuz thet there word? But, Jim-boy, Ah'm glad ye reminded me. We're gonna watch the television tonight. Bin so danged busy with them Hillwilliams thet Ah ain't had time lately."

"I'd rather sit here and watch the moon and listen to the birds."

"We're gonna watch television, Boy . . . the whole durned passel of us," said Jed firmly. "There's the Grand Ole Opry on there. While the women folks tote water up fum the well, we gonna have ourselves a wing-ding." He laughed and slapped the Ambassador on the knee.

"I knowed it was bound to end," the Ambassador

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breathed softly, and got up to go in the cabin.

As he expected, on the news preceding the Opry, there was a hue and cry from the Washington correspondents, a flash of his picture and the remonstrance for all Ohioans and Kentuckians to be on the lookout for him and call the FBI.

THE next day Jim and Bessie loaded up for the long trek down to the car. The Hillangones' kinfolk stood facing them in an awkward platoon-front, rifles at shoulder. Sarey held the duck feather broom in sabre salute and Jed fired a series of scarcely-aimed shots into a chestnut stump by the well.

He coughed with embarrassment. "Jist a sort of memorial fer ye . . . like Chigger Run's got fer the daid soldiers."

The Ambassador, a lump building in his throat, walked quietly to the stump. This was the way it happened in the book—well, almost. Jed ambled after him. There in the bark were bullet holes spelling out *Jim and Bess.*

"Hafta 'poligize fer adottin' thet there *i* a little crooked. Got sumpthin' in mah durned eye."

The mountaineer blew his nose boisterously without benefit of handkerchief.

"Enyhow, Jim-boy, thet there stump'll live a long time after us-all is gone."

The Ambassador was feeling rheumey too.

"Like a swig?" Jed offered.

The Sarkhanese nodded wordlessly and pulled expertly.

"Say, ye never did tell me that idee fer the still, Jim."

"Think," gasped the Ambassador, when his Adam's apple had risen from his stomach.

The hillbilly scratched his head and thought.

"The coils . . . " Jim led provocatively and had another while the mountaineer frowned.

"The coils?" Light broke suddenly over his face. "Well, ah be dingbustid. Now why din't I think o thet? Jim, ye shore are the smartest. No wonder thet country o yor'n made ye a . . . embassadur. Well, I'll be a-watchin' ye on television 'n if ye ever git hungry fer a little nip a Ned, thur's a place fur ye 'n Bessie right here on the porch next to the washin' machine."

They shook hands.

Sarey and Bessie hugged.

"So-long, buddy," Jed shouted as Mr. and Mrs. Ambassador jogged down the trail. The air behind them split as the honor platoon fired into the air. The Hillwilliam tribe, three valleys over, moved over to the fourth.

By the time the Nungs had crossed the Alleghenies and sighted the coastal flatlands, the Ambassador's glow of camaraderie had paled. There would be hell to pay from Haidho, he thought. For the first time, he began to wonder about the wisdom of this field experiment. Maybe the First Secretary had been right. At least, he should have notified the press and got coverage for his good deeds.

"Oh, well," he said out loud. "I'll take it like a soldier."

Bessie touched his hand. "Whatever happens, honored husband, it was the nicest part of our trip to America."

He glanced at her swiftly and the glow returned. She looked so beautiful without a hat.

A single light was burning in the Embassy on Connecticut Avenue. Jeema Nung rang. The Communications Clerk answered the buzzer.

"Sorry, sir," the man bowed, "nobody is here but me. I couldn't go into the field . . . my stomach. . . . "

"That's all right, Ming. I understand. Are there any messages?"

"Yes, sir, on your desk."

With a touch of foreboding, the Ambassador reached his office and extracted a decoded cable from the pile of papers. It was from Haidho and was a single word, "Congratulations."

He had been right after all, he thought joyfully and executed a small dance around his chair. Haidho had approved. He had ferreted out the significance of *The Ugly American* and acted in time. Not only in time but effectively.

He heard the buzzer of the Embassy gate and the muffled voice of the Communications Clerk. A few minutes later, there was a knock at his door.

"Mr. Portfolio from the State Department is here. I thought because he said it was urgent, I would ask you . . . but if you have retired. . . . "

"No, no . . . send him in."

Dolf Portfolio's face uncreased with relief when he saw Ambassador Nung. "Thank God, you're safe," he burst out.

"Not only safe, but having a wonderful time meeting some of your provincial people. You see, Sarkhan adjusts to the times. We know that diplomacy must stand before the people to be judged."

Portfolio's eyes narrowed. A grin crept across his face.

"When new techniques of diplomacy are made," he said, "I daresay the Sarkhanese Ambassador to Washington will have written the book. As you must have expected, your prolonged absence from the capital raised a furor on the Hill. Senator Klutch concluded that you were dissatisfied with the new appropriation and were . . . ah . . . 'striking'. Instead of a cut, you got a 10 percent raise. May I offer congratulations?"

"Really?" said Ambassador Nung in wonder. "That wasn't my intention at all."

"Of course not." The State Department officer winked.

When Dolf Portfolio had gone and the full significance of the action had sunk in, the Ambassador fitted *The Ugly American* into his bookshelf. He really must read it again sometime.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Keeping Humanity Human

by Donald B. Meyer

HOWARD MUMORD JONES, backed by the authority of a distinguished commission appointed by the American Council of Learned Societies, concludes this measured plea for humanistic scholarship by saying that $50 million more a year would hardly be too much—as a beginning. No doubt one can imagine various sorts of curious people with curious reasons for opposing this blameless appeal, but Jones has written his book on the assumption that what must be overcome is not so much opposition as lack of understanding. Accordingly he leads off with four fine chapters aimed at restoring a clear image of what the humanities are all about in general, what they have meant in American life, and what they have meant and what they should mean for any one of us. After this he goes on to several chapters devoted to scholars and scholarship itself. These too are admirable, spreading a lot of information, airing a lot of big questions, and dispelling a lot of misconceptions. Jones here goes all the way—into a defense of the study of Byzantine music and of the jargon of linguists, of, that is, "antiquarianism" and "pedantry." If there is going to be a defense of scholars it might as well be all-out, and this is it.

One Great Society
by Howard Mumford Jones
(Harcourt, Brace; $4.50)

Excess of piety is the fault standard in apologies for the humanities. Routine complaints about materialism and practicality are followed by ritualistic evocations of the spiritual and the humane and the cultured life. Jones avoids this, if not wholly then mostly. His best work is to insist upon two distinguishing features of the humanities: they come to focus on and in the individual, and they have to do with the past. Jones succeeds, in a winningly colloquial fashion, in establishing the importance of this. What is the scholar doing when he studies things past? In essence he is keeping humanity human. Human beings are not animals they do not act by instincts. They act by their knowledge of alternatives, and the repository of the knowledge of alternatives in the past. To lose the past would be to lose all but an animal future. This is in effect to say that to be human is to live for possibilities, and the peculiar dialectic of the West has been, Jones notes, that the great eras of new possibility have been impelled by a sense of rediscovery, of renaissance.

This knowledge of the past is the basis for individualism. What is the scholar studying when he studies the past? Essentially, creative power, and such power can reside in one place and one place alone—in individuals. This is reflected truly enough in the common notion that the humanities deal above all with great creative artists. The common notion is still correct even when the people studied may be anonymous. Humanistic scholarship is a record of the creative power of human beings.

This is the fundamental reason why the humanities must perpetually be distinguished from the sciences, both natural and social. The natural sciences of course do not deal with human creativity, and it remains one of the serious warps of contemporary thought that the social sciences should be so sadly oversold on methods and aims developed to deal with non-human phenomena. Certainly the point of the social sciences is —or should be—not to discover "laws" by which we behave but to discover the reasons that have caused us to behave as we have so that in future we need not behave that way unless we choose.

Obviously, to the extent that all this is understood it is the answer to the question, what "good" is humanistic scholarship. It bears with special pertinence upon a nation that, incessant in its claim upon individualism and freedom, yet has had none too stable a historical memory. But what does this good amount to more specifically? What can the humanities "do" for a person? Jones endeavors to revive the idea that the humanities lend "wisdom," and here I think he falls into piety. It is precisely the irrelevance of wisdom in the older sense Jones seems to want to recall that has helped eclipse old-fashioned humanistic scholarship. The concept trails too many associations of deeply anchored, leather-cushioned sherry-sampling, and in the last analysis genteel stability to be compelling. And it seems to me Jones really means something else. From time to time his straightforward emotional sense of the matter breaks through lines of argument. What is the simplest possible thing one can say about the things humanistic scholars study? They are exciting, inexhaustibly exciting —"the most astonishing and exuberant of all the vehicles of human spirit . . . the creative zest and symbolic play . . . the full range of human thought and emotion . . . the possibilities of the human condition." What we lack, Jones says at another such lyric point, is heroism. The humanities are full of it.

OF COURSE the call for heroism has become a piety of the times too, the hero without a cause our sacrificial servant, but in recommending the humanities Jones at least recommends something real. So far as his stated purpose is concerned—gaining support for humanistic scholarship—the more critical question is not whether wisdom or excitement is the reward, but rather who gets the reward? The humanistic scholars themselves? or their students, or anyone interested in the humanities? Here Jones, it seems to me, has dallied in confusion, for he does not confront the distinction. Does the physicist or the sociologist lack wisdom—or excitement? Is the humanist somehow specially benefited by his field?

Jones says so, and he is surely wrong. The passion that impels men seeking knowledge is in its essence the same in every field. Jones himself rather awkwardly concedes from time to time that not all humanistic scholars are wise, and that astronomy does not render astronomers dull. What he means to say is that everyone — classicist, astronomer, businessman, machinist, housewife — ought to be able to delight in the fruits

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of human creative power. No one ought to be sunk in the routine of skills, methods, techniques, averages, rules, and procedures.

This suggests further what I find the single serious fault in this often trenchant book. Writing as though the chief problem for the humanistic scholar is to be understood, Jones writes as though it is up to everybody else to solve his problems. Yet it is elementary realism for people in need to look about for what they can do for themselves. All is not well in humanistic scholarship, and of this Jones gives no hint. For one thing, he does not follow through on the intellectual implications of his own logic. If humanistic scholarship is distinguished by its interest in the past as past, it should be interested in the past of science. As a matter of fact, one of the more fermenting field of scholarship today is the history of science. I. B. Cohen has already provided the fundamental insight: there is a difference between discovery and what has been discovered. What has been discovered in science can be presented as though formal systems of knowledge—Mendeleyeff's tables, for example—represent the method of gaining knowledge.

These models have already twisted both the natural and the social sciences, as well as, in cases Jones does not mention, the humanities. But the logic of discovery has been quite different from the methods of formal procedure now taught in the formally divided departments of knowledge in our universities. Even most scientists now know of Newton's religious preoccupations we should all take most seriously the emotional differences between an Einstein, an Oppenheimer and a Teller. Science too is a matter of human creative power, and I do not think Jones is utterly candid when he fails to mention what is a fact: that most humanistic scholars still think of science as a rival. Robert Oppenheimer sat on Mr. Jones' committee for this book how many humanists could sit on a committee for the advance of science?

This deficiency pales before another: teaching. Jones explicitly excludes teaching from his discussion, but this is rather odd. In his own terms, of the twenty separate "responsibilities" of humanistic scholars, no less than fifteen mean teaching. Teaching is—or should be—of special concern to the scholar of the humanities. First, what he is dealing with has the character of something—plays, grammar, speeches, philosophies, sounds; colors and shapes—that was intended to be communicated. He ought to be professionally interested in the problems of communication. There is a link between teaching and those qualities of the humanities themselves stressed by Jones that ought to involve humanistic scholars in the problems of teaching today more intimately than anybody else.

Second, the humanistic scholar is almost universally a man of the schools, as natural and social scientists are not, and this world of the schools ought therefore to be more particularly precious to him. One of the great peculiarities of many academic men is that so many do mechanically or badly or even grudgingly what in any case they must do. Reasons for this depressed state of teaching in the universities are many: the flood of students, lack of training, the warping of whole institutions toward peripheral barbarian superstates of business administration, physical education, etc., competitive research, and, not least, the fact that many men called to the pursuit of knowledge are shy. Not all these are new. Bad teaching dates back to the Greeks, if not to the serpent.

At all events, for humanistic scholarship teaching ought to rank side-by-side with the scholarship indeed it ought to complete the scholarship. But I am not acquainted with evidence that humanists are in the van of efforts to restore the experience of a university education as a matter of exuberance, zest, symbolic play, of heroic exposure to the possibilities of the human condition. Jones says the $50 million is needed for more fellowships, more conferences, stronger permanent scholarly institutions and above all more outlets for publication. No doubt. But this is all on the side of scholarship, and Jones does not really make a case that scholarship is in desperate straits. On the contrary, he frequently vaunts the achievements of American scholars, quite justifiably. There is probably as much danger that scholarship will become more dominated than it already is by mechanical ground-rules—so many articles of so many pages in such-and-such a journal equals one small or one-half a large book, etc.—as that it will be choked for lack of resources. Endowing more scholarly quarterlies will guarantee nothing.

It is not a question of fewer but better articles, fewer but better books. By all means let there be more and better of both. But there can be more and better only when the humanities become what Jones says they should be—appreciated widely. Many people will—and do—learn the sciences despite bad teaching, and the sciences will enjoy large national support desite bad teaching. For the humanities, by their very character as Jones reveals them, this is not the case.

The Arabs and the Oilmen

by Elizabeth Monroe

THERE are two tales worth telling about the impact of the Western oil industry on the Middle East. The first is a success story, and is that of the many material benefits which, quite apart from money payments to governments, the oil companies have brought to the local peoples in the shape of health, housing, new skills, literacy and the like. The second is a case history. It tells how peoples once great, but later dispirited by poverty and centuries of imperialism, yearn for a return of self-confidence, and for marks of esteem from foreigners. Into their touchy midst comes an industry capable of earning them great wealth, but at the price of using sciences and making investments that are right outside their scope. So that their one great material asset has to be taken care of by foreigners, and their complex deepens.

Desert Enterprise,
The Middle East Oil Industry in its local environment,
by David H. Finnie
(Harvard; $5)

Today, a few local nationals have fully trained themselves for participation in the oil industry at management level,

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and many more think that they have done so. It is these young men who have dedicated themselves to taking over the industry from the West, and who are responsible for an educative Arab Oil Congress and exhibition that is, after several postponements, taking place in Cairo this month.

Till a few years ago, the two stories seemed scarcely to overlap; it was keeping them in separate compartments that contributed to the downfall of the former Anglo-Iranian Oil Company in Iran. Today, therefore, there is general recognition that they need to be dovetailed by anyone who wants to make a guess at the future shape of the industry, but what writer is going to publish the combination? Not an Arab, since these usually grudge the oil companies their successful work at standards no local industry has matched. Not an oil company employee, since these are reticent about local ambitions that look like bringing more political interference, less efficiency, less revenue all round, and unmerited kicks downstairs.

The only kind of author who has the time, competence and detachment to do the job is an independent scholar on a travel grant, and David Finnie is just such a person. He is a lawyer; he had a Ford Foundation grant for field study, and he held a research fellowship at Harvard's center for Middle East studies. It is with excitement that one opens his book.

But he is disappointing. He tells the oil company success story fully and succinctly, but each time it brings him to the brink of analyzing Arab complexes, he shies away. Simply to state that "the important question is how far such measures go towards bridging the vast gap between Western industry and Middle Eastern employees" is to tell us the obvious. Why leave the rest of the page blank to prick our curiosity?

Admittedly the "vast gap" is full of pitfalls, but it also contains promontories from each of which oilmen and Arabs and Iranians are stretching out hands toward meeting points of mutual advantage. His personal impressions and suggestions would have been of use to the companies, each of which is casting round, in perplexity and without much new inspiration, for means of maintaining a profitable business in co-operation with contented nationals, not sore ones. It seems that Mr. Finnie will not publish a much needed sequel, for he has now, says his dustcover, "joined an oil company."

There, his general knowledge will be valuable, for he knows all the Middle Eastern oilfields, Iranian as well as Arab, and so possesses information that has till lately often been lacking at individual company headquarters. For one of the handicaps under which these have suffered has been ignorance of one another's social recipes, and whether these are worth repeating, or are not to be recommended. Whereas the Arab governments ceaselessly compare notes about conditions, and the Arab workers likewise, the companies have for years felt bound to make their social experiments in isolation, inhibited either by differences between American and British methods of approach, or, as between Americans, by anti-Trust laws that were never meant to put US nationals at a disadvantage *vis-a-vis* orientals.

Where Mr. Finnie is most useful, therefore, is in his comparisons of the methods used so far. He brings out how much these have hitherto varied from company to company, depending on whether work started in a desert, as in Saudi Arabia, or near some city with an established economic life as at Basra in Iraq. Broadly speaking, the empty desert looks the easier proposition at first blush, but, now that paternalistic organization of local life is no longer fashionable, it is proving easier to weave a piece of Western enterprise into the texture of the local economy, and give it protective local coloring, if it lies in or near some city site. All companies, today, would love to be in a position to handle only the oil business and to leave all ancillary services such as transport, health or housing in local hands. But even when transfer of these to local enterprise has been made a rule, as in the Western and Consortium's agreement with Iran, the local entrepreneur is not hurrying into the social fringes of the business. Mr. Finnie asks:

> Should the companies withdraw their efforts simply because they do not seem to be appreciated, or should they suffer in silence? It is probably a case of "ignored if they do and damned if they don't."

Where practical matters such as the provision of shelter or drinking water are concerned, the decision may be simple, but what about all the issues on which Mr. Finnie is over-cautious or even silent: the claims not only to higher posts, but to converting the companies into operating agents working for a fee, or to acquiring a share of the proceeds not only in production but in the carrying and overseas marketing of oil "all the way to the pump." Long before Mr. Finnie wrote up his material, these ambitions were being bandied about by the young man to whom he could with advantage have given more space and attention—the Arab oil expert with a Texan degree and a chip on his shoulder because Americans no better qualified than he are on a different payroll. (The argument that US citizens have to be paid an expatriation bonus to work in his uninviting country cuts no ice whatsoever; nor does the western argument that a sales network is expensive to set up and maintain, and that, as the main profits of the industry come from production, he would be wise to rest content with a share in that.) He disbelieves, and will go on doing so until he is left latitude to try his hand at points all along the line.

Could the companies have done more to nip his disbeliefs in the bud? One of their failings, again unmentioned by Mr. Finnie, has been to make the whole of their vast operation look too easy—like a conjuring trick instead of the result of arduous research and training in petroleum geology, of fruitless prospection, of huge investment without return, of dry holes bored and of risk, risk, risk to offset what look to Arabs to be nothing but benefits. The Iranians, who have since 1954 taken over various sections of the industry in Iran, are learning all this the hard way. The sooner dedicated Arab experts also take sole charge in guinea-pig areas, the soberer will be their ambitions.

Some of the much-needed publicity about the efforts and failures that accompany the success stories is to be seen on company stands at the current exhibition in Cairo. But even there, it is doubtful if nationalists, many of whom are captivated by the thought of out-and-out nationalization, will give it the attention it deserves. The point needs reiteration, and this book would have done better service if it had given more space to Arab ambitions, and to possible ways of meeting them.

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MOVIES

Swedish Rhapsody

INGMAR BERGMAN, the Swedish director who writes his own scripts, is one of the most interesting and irritating film artists alive. There is no one making full-length pictures today (as distinct from experimental shorts) who is more aware of the poetic potentialities of the film. Yet of the four Bergman pictures I have seen, one is dreadful, one pretentious, one moderately good, and the latest, *Wild Strawberries,* teeters on the edge of complete realization.

Wild Strawberries
(Janus)

(With foreign pictures, sequence of American release is not necessarily sequence of creation, nor do we always see all of a man's work. We get films as and if they filter through import channels.)

Even the dreadful picture, *Three Strange Loves,* was distinguished by an investigation of emotional relationships far below the surface of most movies. His pretentious film, *The Seventh Seal,* was, to me, symbolically opaque and allegorically illogical; the net effect was something like those *New Yorker* stories whose chief purpose seems to be to make you feel cretinous if you find them obscure. Yet obviously it is the work of a man to whom the camera is a lyric instrument, who has large imagination and superb techniques.

Smiles of a Summer Night was a wry, rueful sex comedy, a Victorian period piece. A friend of mine said it would have been a fine picture if a Frenchman had made it, and indeed it is worried by an un-Gallic laboring of points and an obvious load of philosophical baggage. Yet here again is a film by a man with a sympathy for arresting themes, with an eye for the possibilities of the human face, with a power to make the very form of his film serve his theme.

Wild Strawberries deals with an 80-year-old doctor on the day he is to receive an honorary degree. He wakes from a dream of his own death, and drives from Stockholm to the university town of Lund with his daughter-in-law. She is to rejoin the doctor's son who teaches at the university and from whom she has been estranged by his coldness. On the way she tells the old man that his son has inherited his coldness from him. They visit a house where his family used to summer when he was young and where he picked wild strawberries with a girl he loved and lost; he visits his mother, 96, who is encased in the egotism of the ancient; he picks up several hitchhikers who represent various elements in modern life. At the end of the day, after the ceremony, he goes to bed in his son's house, honored and sadder.

There is much in this film that is extraordinarily beautiful. The dream sequence at the beginning is a blend of Caligari and Kafka. The old man's reminiscences of his youth at the country place are done with a warm sense of family fun that makes one yearn to have been part of it. Bergman's touch in establishing period feeling is swift and sure—we see a young man seated in a tree reading a book, dressed in white trousers, white shirt, tie, and straw boater, and we know at once where we are. He has a gift for eccentric characterizations, like the neurotic couple to whom the doctor gives a lift and who shortly cram the interior of the car with their almost palpable unhappiness. And his basic concept—a day's ride, a life's journey—is a sound one.

Yet despite the jewels he has strung on this thread, the picture does not satisfy: precisely because they are separate jewels, not architectural blocks in a structure. The film is a series of events which do not relate or accrete strongly enough. For example, the opening dream —in itself haunting—is full of symbols which we feel are being established for later use. But only one of them—the watch without hands—is fulfilled later; the others are just vivid images that seem to have occurred to Bergman at the moment.

Without growth, the picture does not fulfill a fundamental requirement of drama: the protagonist is unchanged at the end. We are *told* he is different, he utters a few lines to that effect, but they seem appended, not a convincing development. At best, the immense symbolic apparatus of the picture has produced a very small result. This criticism is not academic; it is arrived at by the viewer's solar plexus which is knotted with impatience at the sight of all these good materials left unfused.

Bergman has had extensive theatrical training and experience and has recently been appointed director of the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm—at 41 the youngest in its history. It is possible that, in contrast to the theatre, he looks on the film as a free form, an opportunity for rhapsody and for that psychic exploration dear to the Scandinavian spirit and difficult on the stage. In fine imaginative surges, he tries to pry with his camera between the massives of life and death, between eternity and now. His films have an air of quest, of probing, of beating at great doors that he wants to open for himself and us.

HEAVEN and we know that this ambition is rare and valuable in films. But he has not yet put his questions as soundly as, for instance, Dassin has done in *He Who Must Die.* If my theory is right and Bergman does view the film as a medium liberated from theatrical disciplines, he will, I think, continue to make pictures studded with beautiful episodes which an audience conditioned to form and resolution must attempt to finish for him. His scripts have a certain resemblance to the plays of the late Ugo Betti; they paddle around on great, timeless, heartaching seas. We can be grateful for the glimpses thus afforded but, although we do not expect final answers from mere fellow-men, we are left dissatisfied by the errant voyagings.

This notice would be unfinished without mention of the excellent performance in the leading role by Victor Sjostrom, who as Seastrom directed in Hollywood from 1923 to 1931 and has since been acting in Sweden. Some old actors' faces have an odd childlike purity; it radiates from Sjostrom. Of his many moving scenes one moment stands out particularly. In a dream sequence, his parents, as they were when he was a child, are sitting on a rock while Father fishes. They see him, as he was then, and wave to him. We see the old, old man as he is now, and, with all the sadness of time past and passing, his eyes fill at the sight of them. It is lovely.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

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ART

Schmeerkunstkrieg Continued

As a student of what may be called action-politics, I recall being startled in 1952 and again in 1956 by the regularity and apparent enthusiasm with which discussion of the issues was shelved in favor of discussion of the discussion. In particular I remember my open-mouthed admiration at the adroitness with which the discussion of a minor but on the whole legitimate issue, whether Senator Nixon had been on the payroll of certain industrial interests, while he was presumably representing all the people of California, in the twinkling of an electronic eye became the discussion of whether, after all, it was quite sporting to bring the question up in connection with a young man so personable, so sincere, possessed of a pretty wife and children and of a manly devotion to old dog Tray.

Something of the same thing seems to be happening to the discussion in this journal of Schmeerkunst, or the "new American painting," and the considerable body of theory that has grown up around it. The latest to be "saddened" by finding this discussion in a "magazine which has traditionally welcomed all that is liveliest and most creative in contemporary thought and culture," is Sam Hunter, chief curator at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts and chief keeper of the flame of the late Jackson Pollock. Mr. Hunter's letter (*NR*, April 13) illustrates several of the points I have been making about the new painting and its publicists, but before dealing directly with Mr. Hunter's sadness it might be well to recall the issues of the original discussion itself; we can then proceed, Hunter and hunted, to the discussion of the discussion.

Looking back, I guess this all began with a review of about a year ago in which I accurately described some paintings of Barnett Newman's as consisting of large horizontal areas of a single color interrupted by straight vertical stripes in other colors. Since the paintings in question were on exhibition in Mr. Hunter's present institution—he was not there at the time—I offered the practical suggestion that the substantial shipping charges could have been reduced by Mr. Newman's sending his specified colors and measurements and having the paintings duplicated by the Institute's custodial staff with rollers and straight edges. Far from the gratitude one might reasonably expect, my effort to be helpful drew only outrage. Mr. Newman wrote in suggesting that not only am I not an art critic but am in fact a "Chinese commissar." I often think of this in moments of discouragement and it gives me strength to go on, but I have yet to figure out what on earth it means.

The discussion entered its present phase with a long letter from Thomas B. Hess, executive editor of *Art News*, (*NR*, Jan. 26) deploring the fact that "a politically advanced journal" should support "retardataire" art and not show "sympathy for original work by dedicated artists," by which it is reasonable to assume Mr. Hess meant the work publicized in the color pages and hymns of praise in *Art News*, action painting, Abstract Hesspressionism, as it is called by Ad Reinhardt, or Schmeerkunst, as it is called here.

By a happy coincidence in the same issue that Mr. Hess was urging *NR* to get a critic who would write to the editors' taste about advanced painting, there appeared my report from Pittsburgh about the Carnegie International and the acres of advanced painting to be seen there. I noted that the big show seemed to have been assembled as a demonstration of the currently fashionable and went on to do some fashion reporting. In all cases I was specific and descriptive. As Mr. Hunter's letter makes clear, these reporter's virtues are considered vices, and perhaps even retardataire, by the admirers and promoters of the new painting.

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This rejection of specific description is not merely an irritated response to specific description that seems to such admirers and promoters to fail to appreciate the new painting. The rejection springs from an idea of what painting is and ought to be today. This is seen as quite different from what painting ever has been in the past. A Painting formerly was first of all an object presenting itself for inspection, communion, enjoyment, enlightenment. Of secondary interest and perhaps of interest only to the specialist were the techniques and materials involved in the creation of that object. A painting today, it is alleged, is first of all the action of the painter in creating the painting. It is this action that the spectator must relive as he contemplates the painting, it is this action which the critic must evoke as he writes about the painting.

Harold Rosenberg, who is credited with the invention of the name "action painting" says in his new book, "The canvas began to appear to one American painter after another as an arena in which to act—rather than as a space in which to reproduce, re-design, analyze or 'express' an object, actual or imagined." Hence,

> . . . The painter gets away from art through his act of painting; the critic can't get away from it. The critic who goes on judging in terms of schools, styles, form—as if the painter were still concerned with producing a certain kind of object (the work of art), instead of living on the canvas—is bound to seem a stranger. . . . Since the painter has become an actor, the spectator has to think in a vocabulary of action: its inception, duration, direction — psychic state, concentration and relaxation of the will, passivity, alert waiting.

Obviously, if that's the way the new painting is produced, that's why the spectator must behave himself in its presence if he wishes to get the full effect. There is alternative, however, that neither Mr. Rosenberg, Mr. Hess nor Mr. Hunter seems willing to recognize. This is to regard the new painting as an object which is or is not pleasing. The spectator also has the freedom to look for and find, and the artist has the freedom to go on creating paintings which are objects, which reproduce, redesign, analyze, express and comment upon some other object, person, situation or condition. These last freedoms are severely condemned by apologetes of the new painting. Their condemnation usually takes the form of the bland denial that any other kind of painting exists. It would not have occured to Mr. Rosenberg to say "some" or even "most." Rather, "the painter" or "painters" be-

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have in the way he describes. Likewise, Mr. Hunter:

> When you sweep the decks clear of the liveliest abstraction, all that is left are those dogged, defunct American Scene painters, trying stubbornly and even desperately to clothe yesterday's social problems in some sort of contemporary-looking form.

The proposition is that there are two kinds of American painting, that represented, broadly, by Jackson Pollock, and that represented, broadly, by Thomas Hart Benton, Pollock's teacher.

This is not true. When you sweep the decks clear of the liveliest abstraction, you still have, for example, Edward Hopper, Max Weber, Stuart Davis, Alexander Brook, I. Rice Periera, Georgia O'Keeffe, Loren MacIver, Charles Sheeler, Abraham Rattner, Karl Knaths, Charles Burchfield and many others, all of whom are still painting after a lifetime of work at it and all of whom have simply ceased to exist—become unpersons—in the bright lexicon of Mr. Hunter. I have purposely omitted a number of painters like Levine and Shahn who might be accused of having had a thought about society. If it be objected that all of these painters have been around a good while and therefore—for reasons that frankly escape me—don't count, you can still find on that swept deck such younger artists as Rico Lebrun, Elmer Rischoff, David Park, and a hundred others.

Mr. Hunter's objection to my "identification" of the new painting with Eisenhower Republicanism is understandable but not so from anything he said. I listed a group of reasons in support of this insight, which, in fact, was offered as ballast for Mr. Hess' identification of the new painting with "advanced" political thought. Those reasons still seem valid to me and I should be delighted to have Mr. Hunter discuss them or advance his own for that identification being "far from the mark."

FRANK GETLEIN

Notes on Contributors

DONALD B. MEYER is on the history faculty of UCLA. ELIZABETH MONROE is the author of *The Mediterranean in Politics* and has served as the Middle East editor of *The Economist.*

MUSIC

The New American Operas

FOR the second season, the New York City Opera Company—with the help of a generous grant from the Ford Foundation—is devoting its spring season to contemporary American works. This year, the repertory consists of twelve scores, many of them new (at least to New York). Of those I have heard so far, there are two that warrant your attention: *Wuthering Heights*, by Carlisle Floyd; and *He Who Gets Slapped*, with music by Robert Ward and libretto by Bernard Stambler.

Wuthering Heights is another of those pale, deadly serious works of the Italo-American school. It has an immense advantage over, say, the Menotti operas in that it is eventful and fast-moving. This advantage, however, does not altogether offset the fact that Mr. Floyd's opera is morally unfaithful to the novel on which it is based.

In adapting Emily Bronte's text, Mr. Floyd has had the unparalleled effrontery to make adults act out the childhood scenes of the novel. And by this simple, dishonest sleight of hand he has managed to give the tale a totally spurious tone, both more violent and more dismal than the original. As you may remember, in the novel, the child Heathcliff is forever being thrashed by the bully-boy heir of Wuthering Heights. It's one thing to read about the brutalities that children inflict on each other; but it is another matter to see grown men going after each other with riding-crops and canes. What, in one case, is unbelievably and shockingly childlike becomes, in the other, incredibly and ludicrously childish.

In any other form of art or entertainment, a flaw as serious as this would be damning. But in opera, there are so many other things to consider that even fundamental weaknesses are only part of the overall fabric. And Carlisle Floyd's lyric gifts as a composer outweigh his deficiencies as a dramatist.

Musically, *Wuthering Heights* seems more like a talented improvisation than a carefully contrived structure. There is no subtlety, no irony, no comic relief. At the same time, there is intensity, and there are passages of moving and memorable beauty—enough, I think, to offset the serious flaws in a work that is almost always engrossing, even when it is most exasperating.

He Who Gets Slapped is a work of talent and imagination; but it is also a work of intelligence.

Bernard Stambler's libretto is a successful confrontation of the classical operatic problem of how to tell a complicated story in just a few words. It is the story of a noble clown who, at the cost of breaking his own heart, prevents a beautiful young girl from making a disastrous marriage. The text is a model of economy—it is only 24 pages long, and almost every phrase of it has direct bearing on the unfolding of the plot. The action takes place backstage in a small circus—a scene which lends itself to colorful and extremely active staging, and in his libretto, Stambler takes full advantage of the opportunity for lacing the often tragic central action with clowning and circus high-jinks.

Robert Ward has brought an enormously lithe harmonic and orchestral technique to this text. He has chosen to write most of the piece in a symphonic style with the result that there are few passages of really compelling singing. It was no doubt Mr. Ward's intention that this opera would be as tightly unified as possible, with no one element taking over at the expense of the others. It seems to me that he has been successful in the highest degree. Seeing *He Who Gets Slapped,* I felt that there was a stature and maturity about it that was no end flattering to the operatic stage.

THE City Center productions are getting better and better, and this year they are so good that it's unfair to single out even such fine singers as Patricia Neway, Jack Reardon or Frank Poretta for their distinguished performances in these two operas. Everybody was good—from the principles down to the chorus and, I should imagine, down to the stage hands themselves. Michael Pollock's staging of *He Who Gets Slapped* was particularly inventive.

ROBERT EVETT

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

Rockefeller quite simply failed to pass his first test, as the record will indicate.

The New York Legislature concluded its session with the enactment of only a single piece of legislation in the field of civil rights and civil liberties. Tragically, the only law adopted was one which again continues, for another year, the State Security Risk Law.

On the four major civil rights and civil liberties bills introduced into the State Legislature, Governor Rockefeller showed a distressing lack of leadership, either ignoring them or asking for "more study." Thus:

1. On the bill to bar racial discrimination in private housing, Governor Rockefeller took the position that he wanted to wait to see how the New York City local law worked. The result: the bill never emerged from Committee.

2. The "Fair Sabbath" bill giving municipalities local option to grant exemption from the State Compulsory Sunday Closing Law to Jews, Seventh Day Adventists and others who observe Saturday as their religious day of rest, died in Committee without a word of support being uttered by the Governor.

3. The bill authorizing the State Commission Against Discrimination to initiate investigations without waiting for the filing of complaints received no support from the Governor and failed of passage.

4. A bill to prohibit the use of wiretapping evidence in criminal prosecutions failed of enactment for want of that "leadership" which the Governor exercised so well in the effort to increase state taxes.

One result of the Legislature's abandonment of responsibility in the face of critical needs for protecting civil rights and civil liberties, and the Governor's failure to lead, is that New York has begun to lose the leadership which it has always enjoyed in the continuing struggle for racial and religious equality. Thus, Colorado this year enacted a state law outlawing discrimination in private housing; eight states have granted to their anti-discrimination commissions the power SCAD requested—and was denied—by the New York Legislature. Pennsylvania has adopted an anti-wiretap law.

This was Governor Rockefeller's first year in office; he was, as you point out, preoccupied with fiscal problems. It is to be hoped that next year he will play a more prominent role in these areas.

SHAD POLIER

New York City

► *The Third Commandment*

SIRS:

IN your April 6, 1959, number there appears an article by Albert Gilman which contains a glaring error of fact. He is writing about Ben Hecht's television play, "The Third Commandment," which he says (Mr. Gilman that is): " 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain' in case you'd forgot." Well, sir, I have not forgotten, but apparently Mr. Gilman has because the above mentioned commandment is the Second Commandment and not the Third.

RONALD TYRELL

Cleveland, Ohio

It is the Second Commandment for Roman Catholics, but the Third for Protestants and Jews (Protestant in this instance including Angelicans)

—THE EDITORS

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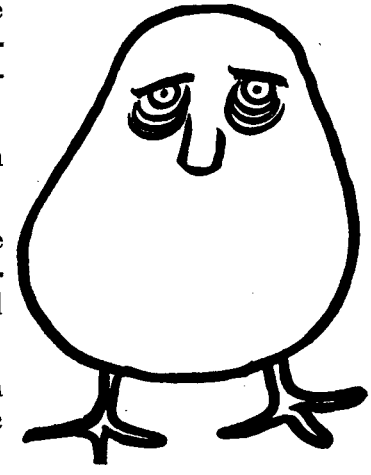

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